

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

"WHATEVER DOETH MAKE MANIFEST IS LIGHT."—Paul.

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PRICE TWOPENCE.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

Mr. H. S. Salt's 'Shelley, Poet and Pioneer; A biographical study' (London: Wm. Reeves), is a somewhat composite work, including the writer's Shelley Monograph (1888), 'Shelley's Principles' (1892), and sundry fragments of various Essays that have appeared from time to time. Mr. Salt sets out to interpret Shelley, not to criticise or eulogise him; and certainly he is well built and well equipped for his task. Shelley has had the rare ill-luck to be as a devil to one and as an angel with a flaming sword to another: but it was not all ill-luck. He was not a conventional person at all, and assuredly not a nineteenth century compound. Essentially, he was a sensitive—a kind of finely-strung harp that had to vibrate with every breath, gentle as a child's in slumber, or shrill as a witch's prophetic scream:—any way, an intensely interesting subject. The book has a lovely portrait of Shelley: but we have never much believed in it. It is far too pretty and placid—though full of power.

Mrs. Wolstenholme Elmy (Congleton, Cheshire) is sending out a series of four Letters on 'Woman and the Law,' showing how, notwithstanding all that has been done, womanhood is still fettered in the battle of life. We have long held that the Gospel of Spiritualism is the Gospel of Equality and Justice. The arbitrary disqualification of womanhood anywhere is unjust and foolish, because it is cruel and wasteful. We think all good Spiritualists will approve the following:—

These letters, written for a special and limited purpose, are now reproduced in deference to the wishes of the many friends who seek information on the points with which they deal.

It must be noted, however, that they do not profess to be a complete statement of woman's case and claims, but deal almost exclusively with the injustice from which she still suffers as wife and mother. An exhaustive treatment of the injustice suffered by women as women, on the sole ground of sex, would require a substantial volume. Here it must suffice to indicate specimens of such wrong:—

1. The law of inheritance, which favours *male*, at the expense of female heirs, and which combined with—

2. The artificial restrictions, legal and customary, on women's paid avocations and industries, keeps the overwhelming majority of women miserably poor.

3. Our whole judicial system, with male judges of every degree, and male jurors exclusively, so that no woman in 'free' England has ever yet been 'tried by her peers.'

4. The restrictions and anomalies of our local administrative system, as they affect women.

5. The denial to women of the Parliamentary Franchise, and therewith of all power directly to influence legislation.

Yet nothing is more certain than that without the education of justice within the family and between the sexes, the hope of social and international justice is a mere idle dream.

That saying of Paul's is both deep and true: 'There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female; for ye are all one in Christ Jesus.'

We do not entirely agree with Mr. Moody's notions about Heaven or the way to it, but 'The Mid-continent's'

story about his doctrine of 'salvation by grace' is a very mellow one:—

It is well that a man can't save himself; for if a man could only work his own way into Heaven, you never would hear the last of it. Why, down here in this world, if a man happens to get a little ahead of his fellows, and scrapes a few thousand dollars together, you'll hear him bragging about his being 'a self-made man' and telling how he began as a poor boy and worked his way up in the world. I've heard so much of this sort of thing that I'm sick and tired of the whole business; and I'm glad we shan't have men bragging through all eternity how they worked their way into Heaven.

A friend of long ago writes:—

It may interest you to learn that, after more than twenty years of somnolence, mediumship returned to me *unsought* about six months ago, and in far greater force than on the first occasion. Oh, it was glorious! for with the writing power came prophetic and inspirational guidance. It came suddenly, not so much with actual calligraphy as what I mentioned in one of my pamphlets, 'finger writing,' i.e., one's hand seized by the magnetic force and sentences rapidly traced on any handy surface. It would be too long to touch more than the fringe of this subject. Now, I write very little, for mental impression has been substituted for it, and I can only describe the life I lead as a dual one, and fully realise the opening announcement of my mediumship twenty-five years ago and repeated at the return thereof: 'Heaven and earth are one.' To such an extent is this manifest that I have sometimes thought we might be living in the first resurrection dimly foreseen by St. Paul, and this view has been spiritually confirmed.

But, while allowed to enjoy largely the blessings of mediumship, I have also had experience of its fearful dangers, and some insight into the laws that govern it. I do not expect there will ever be any very high or sustained manifestations of spirit power in England. Our climate and habits are opposed to it, except for a low class of 'forces,' not necessarily evil, however. A perfectly pure and dry atmosphere seems for one thing essential. I was at Bath when the manifestations commenced here. The London smoke interferes terribly with them. Strict vegetarianism and abstention from all fermented liquors are also indispensable to good spirit converse. In fact, mediumship has its laws, and their strict observance is, I strongly feel, essential to safe steerage through the rocks and pitfalls that abound therein on all sides. I feel bound, however, to say that according to my teaching and experience, it is most unjust to accuse a professional medium (if such still exist, which I know not) of fraudulent intentions in demanding darkness. Light is absolutely prohibitive to the activity of at least *some* spirit forces. The electric light may be an exception, but of this I cannot be sure without further observations.

'Simon Ryan, the Peterite,' by Augustus Jessopp (London: T. Fisher Unwin), is a clever book in its way, but one wonders why it was written, and why anyone should pay a shilling for it. It is a wild and utterly out-of-the-way story, with strong character-painting in it, and a properly distressing ending, according to the bad fashion of the hour. It is entirely original in its printing. The paper is a kind of primrose, very glossy, and the text runs like a trickle of rivulet along a broad meadow of margin—a pretty affectation.

'Love triumphant over death' was Wreford's closing line of his touching little poem on the sacrifice of Christ. But he stated a general truth. Everywhere and throughout all time, Love triumphs over death. We never saw this better worked out than in one of Thomas Bailey Aldrich's thoughtful poems :—

There dwells one bright immortal on the earth,
Not known of all men. They who know her not
Go hence forgotten from the house of life,
Sons of oblivion.

To her once came

That awful shape which some men hold in dread,
And she with steadfast eyes regarded him,
With heavenly eyes half sorrowful, and then
Smiled, and passed by. 'And who art thou,' he cried,
'That lookest on me and art not appalled,
That seem'st so fragile, yet defiest Death?
Not thus do mortals face me! Who art thou?'

But she no answer made: silent she stood,
Awhile in holy meditation stood,
And then moved on through the enamoured air,
Silent, with luminous, uplifted brows—
Time's sister, daughter of Eternity,
Death's deathless enemy, whom men name Love.

THE LOST ATLANTIS.

Under the title of 'Life from the Lost Atlantis,' Mr. St. George Mivart contributes a suggestive article to the May number of the 'Fortnightly Review.' Hitherto, arguments in favour of the former existence of a great continent between America and Europe have been left to the occultist and idealist—the scientists of the day for the most part ignoring the subject altogether.

Mr. St. George Mivart tells his story in a clear and simple way. On the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus, not the least surprising among the novel fauna of the new country was the opossum, an animal about the size of a cat, having a pointed snout and a prehensile tail, clothed with long, loose black and white hair, and having beneath the body a pouch wherein are the nipples. The significance of this singular anatomical structure was not appreciated for fully one hundred and fifty years afterwards. In 1769 the Royal Society promoted an expedition to the Society Islands for the purpose of observing the transit of Venus. On returning, the vessel touched at the bay of an island which, from the number of new and strange plants it contained, received the name of Botany Bay, and some sailors reported having seen animals as large as greyhounds, of slender build, extremely swift of foot, and that bounded or leaped forward on two legs; animals which the natives called 'Kangaroos.' A comparison of the Australian marsupials with the South American opossums leads up to the proposition which Mr. St. Mivart in his article formulates as follows :—

Did an Atlantis once exist, or have the Atlantic and Pacific oceans been mainly what they now are ever since the world was first peopled with animal life?

Referring to the fact of the humble, shrew-like little beast, the 'Ctenolestes,' alone surviving such wreck of worlds, Mr. St. George Mivart concludes his interesting article with these words :—

This small, dumb witness of an age we cannot imagine testifies to us as efficiently, as unconsciously, concerning a condition of the earth's surface as it was before either South America or Australia could be truly said to be—have as yet unseparated elements of a South Atlantic Continent. Until it was produced before the Fellows of the Zoological Society and their friends, few, we doubt if any, suspected or hoped that a survivor would ever appear upon the scene capable of bearing its dumb testimony to the former existence of what is now the long-lost Atlantis land.

Croydon.

J. H. M.

'OCEAN WANGA: OCEAN SIMPLIFIED; THE TRUE WANGA: What it Really Is and How it is Done.' A scientific but plain treatise from a popular point of view, and divested as far as possible of all technical terms. A treatise on Black Magic and Witchcraft in Africa. By Professor Dr. M. Djumbek Cassanensis. A supply has just reached this country from the West Indies, and copies can be had to order for 1s. 1d., post free, from the office of 'LIGHT.'

A NIGHT IN A HAUNTED HOUSE.

BY OUR SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE.

The house is haunted, because everybody says it is. It ought to be haunted, because it looks just the sort of place for ghosts. When I say everybody I exclude the people in the neighbourhood. They don't believe a bit in the story; but then, what do they know about ghosts?

Silverton Abbey I am speaking of. The late tenant set the ball rolling in a letter to the 'Standard.' He is credited with being a bold man, he says, who has faced death more than once without turning a hair, but the Abbey ghost was too much for him and his family. He sat up night after night and tried to shoot it, but it kept out of reach of his lead, tantalising him with eerie footsteps in the corridor outside his room, with opening his door unnecessarily with clatter and rattle, and occasionally with blood-curdling screeches; and turned its particular attention to frightening his servants out of the house. This it effectually did, and if it failed to carry out the purpose in any individual case by means of unhallowed sounds, it just showed itself, in the form of a black and beetle-browed dame with a very sinister expression, and the thing was done. The gallant occupier disposed of his furniture by public sale and fled with his family to other climes, leaving the triumphant ghost in full possession. He is paying £200 a year rent, and will gladly let the place, ghost and all, for £50 a year for the remainder of his lease. He made a handsome offer to all and sundry, going in good faith, to hold open house for them, and the offer was taken advantage of by several parties of inquisitive and sensation-seeking folk (I went on business myself, and leave my companions to explain the motives that prompted them), who passed delightfully creepy nights in the uncanny mansion. Most of them took revolvers and some of them left empty bottles, but very few saw or heard anything out of the common. Two valiant young men who paid a Saturday to Monday visit heard footsteps the first night and the second night the sound of something heavy being dragged along the corridor on the first floor, ending up with a crash and bang in the opposite bedroom to the one they occupied. The corridor, by the way, runs through the centre of the building from end to end, with eight or nine bedrooms on each side. A local gentleman told me that with a friend he had spent a very lively night on the premises. Going upstairs they were startled by a crash as if the shutters of the staircase window were being rent asunder, and they had not long been in their room—called the haunted room because here the German governess used to see the beetle-browed lady—when there was a noise as if the window fastener was suddenly springing back, and then great bangs against the window which ought to have broken the glass but didn't, and finally a most horrible yell rang through the building, echoing in the empty rooms, after which all was still as death. The narrator, who pretended that he thoroughly enjoyed this experience, put these sounds down first to a thwacking blow from outside on the shutter, next to strokes on the bedroom window with a long stick, and finally to a larrikin's vocal organ exercised through the keyhole of the hall door. Great efforts, I may mention, appear to have been made to capture practical jokers, and watchers have lain all night in the long grass, catching nothing but colds.

The Abbey lies a couple of miles out of a county town. Spring cleaning being on at home, I cheerfully fell in with the editor's suggestion that I should spend a night with the ghost. Emerging from the local station, the first thing that met our eye was the advertisement board of a neighbouring tradesman named Gansman, and simultaneously a little boy addressed his playmate as 'Swindells.' I don't think much of portents and that sort of thing myself, but my companions were visibly, not to say risibly, affected. I have wondered since whether I ought to have taken them, because it was almost impossible to get them to take the matter seriously—till they got into the house, and then they pretended that they were trembling, just to show me how, with such loose floors, the slightest motion set the house in a quiver; and how a nervous person, shivering with fear, might easily rock the whole mansion, and imagine all sorts of silly things. One was a materialising medium, whose presence was guaranteed to bring out the spectre in full fighting form, but did nothing of the sort; another was a photographer—editor of a first-rate photographic paper, too—who came with cameras hanging on him all round, and I believe frightened the ghost off at the prospect of being so extensively taken; the third

was a "jolly good fellow," who, it was thought by the others, might help to keep them in spirits—which indeed he did, but I do not myself hold with the practice of screwing up courage by such an expedient, and left him and his flask severely alone. The small value of this Dutch sort of pluck was notably manifested when, to see what sort of sound-effect might be produced, I levered round the giant tap of the scullery pump, and brought forth a most appalling shriek, as of an anguished soul in torment, which filled the empty chambers of the deserted place with gruesome echoes, and lightened the complexion of two of our party by several shades.

But this is getting into the Abbey before we have reached its grounds. The ancient gardener, a ruddy, slow-motioned old man, with a permanent wink in one eye and a twinkle of the other, received us friendly, and laughed hilariously at the idea of ghosts. He must tell the truth, he must, and ghosts he'd never seed and never believed on. Nor for that matter did anybody else in them parts. If his opinion was axed, it was most part imagination, and the rest was tricks. The people in the village said it was jokers from the town who caused the bother, and the town said it was the village; for his part, he thought it was like as not the town, but didn't bother his head greatly any way. If liberal-minded gents (here there was a slight chink in one of his pockets) found any satisfaction in coming down there, all he could say was he'd do his best for their comfort, and he hoped we'd have a good night, that he did. He had thought it necessary to warn the last party that if they saw one of them white cows in the paddock looking over the fence, they needn't go home and say they seed a ghost, unless, of course, it pleased them to do so, nor yit think they yeered a ghost when the old cow with bronchitis took to cough; but he knowed what was what, he did, and gents like us was not like to fall into no errors of that sort.

I won't stop to describe the Abbey in any detail, as that would be superfluous. It is a sort of glorified barn, long, narrow, and ugly, surrounded by trees, partly clad with ivy, which half covers some of the windows and harbours a swarm of birds; and much too near the public road. I should think it has close on forty rooms, ranged on each side of a corridor which runs along the centre from end to end on the ground floor, and another on the first floor. It is the corridor on the first floor that is said to be haunted, and the room opening into it in which the old gardener deposited us for the night was the one where the German governess was visited by the dame of the beetling brows. There were three camp bedsteads side by side, a big bedstead, a medium-sized bedstead, and a little bedstead, reminding one irresistibly of the quarters of the Three Bears in the nursery story; a table, and two or three chairs. True to his promise, the gardener made us as comfortable as he could. He chopped wood and brought up a sack of it to keep us warm for the night, fetched a pail of water to wash in on the morrow, and lent us a lantern for our candles. More than this, with much merry chortling, he pressed on us several formidable weapons in the shape of a pitchfork, a hatchet, a threshing flail, and a murderous-looking thing which he described as a switchbill, consisting of a curved iron blade attached to a long wooden handle. My companions seemed very grateful for these articles, and one of them never went out of the haunted room without the switchbill tucked under his arm. Whether he would have spitted the ghost on it had she suddenly appeared to him in the corridor, I cannot say.

We made a weary round of the house, searching every hole and corner, and trying every fastening of window and door. The photographer, who is nothing if not thorough, had brought with him wire, cotton, tacks, wax, and I know not what; but when he saw how many doors and windows there were to stretch his threads across he changed his mind and decided to leave the matter to Providence. At every turn we came across things to account for any extent of nervous fears and imaginings—windows that rattled or squeaked, doors that rumbled or groaned, floors that creaked or complained, cupboard doors that swung open with very slight encouragement, waving ivy boughs outside windows, flitting moonlight shadows across the empty corridors, echoes of every sort and degree. This was when we were moving about. Settled in our room, we heard not a sound for the rest of the night, not the faintest footstep, not the softest sigh; all was still as the grave. More disappointing still, although we sat round the table for a couple of hours, from midnight till two, and the medium laid himself out for great things, not a sign did we get of supermundane presence. The medium told us he had asked his hand not to make any noises lest we should fail

to distinguish between these and the genuine haunting signs, and they seem to have taken him at his word and gone out visiting for the night. If they were anywhere near they were most provokingly quiet. Some village lads, who had got wind of our quest, amused themselves by boo-hooing in the road outside, and later on by making a racket on the fence, but that was the sole disturbance. Even the old cow in the paddock did not cough. Finally the four of us retired weariedly and disgusted to the three camp beds, wrapped ourselves in the rugs and were soon fast asleep, dreaming of timorous ghosts hiding themselves up chimneys and being dragged therefrom by valorous hunters by the tails of their winding-sheets, all covered with soot and very dishevelled, dismayed, and discredited.

Inquiry in the village disclosed no important fact whatever. Everybody laughed at the idea of the house being haunted. But this we learnt, and it may have some significance: that the village did not know of the alleged haunting until some time after the household had fled and the auction taken place, a curious circumstance in face of the statement that not a servant could be induced to stop in the place.

Of course we didn't give the ghost a fair chance. I admit that. A single night was little enough time to give to such a quest. But anyone disposed to give proof of good faith could, I doubt not, easily secure the Abbey for a week or longer, and put the story to a better test.

OUR VITAL BODY AND ITS BIOMETRIC ENERGY.

By DR. BARADUC.*

Modern science is setting forth on the conquest of the invisible. Tesla and Crookes have demonstrated the existence of unknown realms of being in our Universe, by chaining vibrations which pass unperceived through our organisms, into the service of specially adjusted apparatus. Röntgen makes the photographic plate reveal the fact that the ultra-violet rays pass unimpeded through solid bodies. De Rochas demonstrates that the human double, constituted of 'exteriorised sensibility,' possesses the same faculty. But the identity of these rays emanating from the sun, with those radiated from the human aura, as taught by Reichenbach under the term 'odc rays,' has yet to be re-discovered by our modern authorities. Meanwhile, another French scientist, Dr. Baraduc, now demonstrates that this 'exteriorised sensibility,' which constitutes the human double, and which De Rochas has shown to be self-luminous, consists of vitality, which carries attractive and repulsive energy, and which the operator receives from the Universal or Cosmic vitality, accumulates, condenses, transmutes, and exteriorises as human and psychic vitality, and transfers to the subject, thus intensifying the vital tension of the latter, and permitting a portion of his vitality to be exteriorised in the form of his double. By the use of a bio-metre with recording dial, he has measured the fluctuations which occur in the operator and in the subject respectively, as regards the direction of the mediated currents, and shows coincidentally that the former loses, while the latter gains, in vital intensity during such experiments.

He demonstrates that man is related to the Universal by a dual process, by a permanent current of influx and efflux, or attraction and repulsion; and as the efflux carries intelligence, i.e., mental suggestion, with the transference of psychic vitality, which may also entail a temperamental and even organic modification in the subject, it follows that the Universal vitality from which the efflux is primarily attracted or absorbed, or mediated, as influx, is also intelligent or conscious. Consequently, it follows that both vitality and intelligence are inherent in the Universal vitality, from which man's vitality is mediated.

But while man attracts and absorbs the Universal as a 'common element,' he radiates it in a dual form or mode, as vital force, and as psychic force, and the manner by which the discreting of this common element into a dual mode, or into two currents, vital and psychic, is accomplished within man's organism, as described by Dr. Baraduc, which he defines as an involution into the chemico-sanguine nutrition, and 'evolution' therefrom through the dual nervous system into psychic force, reminds one of the teachings of a certain school of alchemists and will be interesting reading for students of that school.

He divides man into four planes on functional centres, which he describes as generative; gastric or instinctive, or automatic and vegetative; pneumatic; and psychic, and shows that these

* Publishers: G. Carré, 58, Rue St. Andre des Arts, Paris.

are united and unified by the descending cerebro-spinal and the re-ascending sympathetic and ganglionic nervous systems, which meet and interact in four interrelating ganglionic plexi (or converting relays) furnishing the necessary specialised vitality to these respective planes or functional centres in man's organism.

He illustrates experimentally that sensibility (i.e., vitality), exteriorised from these four centres, or planes in man's organism, carries qualities or properties according to the respective centre from which it emanates, and produces distinctive effects on other sensitives when brought into relation (re-action) with them.

By this process of distillation or sublimation within man's organism, vitality, which inflows into him as a common or unified element, is discretised into vital force and into psychic force, which are found to radiate generally from man's right and left hand respectively.

Kabbalists will notice the identity between these four planes or centres in man's organism unified by a descending and re-ascending circuit of vitality, with the four planes of Assiah, Yetzerah, Briah, and Atailuth, which are constituted by the 'River of Life,' descending from Supernal Eden, which traverses and unites them, and which, flowing through man, divides in him into four planes or branches or elements.

Further, the identity will be observed of this process in the microcosm, with the life-process, or process of becoming, in the macrocosmic circuit; in which the life-current descends and re-ascends through four planes, flowing through self-conscious converting relays (i.e., selves) who constitute plexi, or links, by and through whom each plane is inter-related in discretised continuity.

So also does the fact that we find that the life-circuit in the microcosm flows between the two poles which, representing thought and love within separate selves, illustrate the same law or process as it occurs in the macrocosmic circuit which flows between the two poles, positive and negative, or masculine and feminine of the dual selves who are divided in space (higher and lower selves). This microcosmic circuit of becoming, or proceeding and returning, through the four planes of being is represented, it will be seen, in the microcosm by the flux of the blood or vehicle of vitality, which proceeds from the heart or centre to the circumference of the organism or system, and back again to the centre, mediating vitality to and through all the units or cells in its course.

Again, the particular life chain, or current, or hierarchy to which we pertain, is microcosmically represented in our organisms by the descending and re-ascending cerebro-spinal and sympathetic ganglionic nerve systems or currents. Thus is illustrated the universality of law, or that there is no law in the partial and subordinate which is not first in its transcendent; *which is not indeed that universal process in it.*

The flux of vitality through the organism, in the form of the blood circulation from the heart to the periphery, and back again to the centre, is the microcosmic representation of a similar stream or current of vitality which flows from the sun through our solar system and back again to its centre, and from which planets absorb vitality even as the organism does from the blood, but which zodiacal stream scientists have not yet discovered.

Again, the aura radiating from man, of which De Rochas, and Dr. Baraduc have now experimentally demonstrated the existence, is a microcosmic representation in subordinated mode of the same law which is macrocosmically and transcendently illustrated in the sun's rays. The identity of the human 'odic rays' of Reichenbach, of De Rochas' 'exteriorised sensibility,' and of Baraduc's vital rays which traverse solids, with the Röntgen rays of the solar spectrum, is therefore not difficult to conceive. The human radiation has already been shown to be luminous and multi-coloured, it is now shown to carry polarity; to be vital and to carry thought and sensation. In speaking of the human 'spectrum of consciousness' as extending beyond the mode pertaining to the empirical self, Mr. Myers will probably be found to have been a precursor in using a term which has a more extended applicability than he perhaps conceived of.

'QUESTOR VITA.'

(To be continued.)

No man can be charitable toward all men who does not start with the belief that men are weak and temptable in all parts of their nature. If you do not expect excellence, you will be less disappointed at missing it.

ALLEGED APPARITIONS OF THE PRINCIPLE OF EVIL

The readers of 'LIGHT' may be interested with another account of the alleged appearance of the Evil One. Two cases I have already given as related by Dr. Bataille; the experience of Diana Vaughan will be familiar to the readers of 'LIGHT'; but this case is taken from the author who styles himself 'Jean Kostka.' He, like Diana Vaughan and Margiotta, was once in the ranks of Luciferian Freemasonry. The account I give is necessarily condensed; its interest to me is chiefly in the coincidence in main points with the accounts of the alleged appearance of the Evil One given elsewhere; especially the mournful beauty of the apparition (whatever it was), the light which emanated from the appearance, the sadness and tenderness of the voice, and the *blue eyes*. Every witness seems particularly impressed with these *blue eyes*, which are certainly not the kind of eyes possessed by the Devil of popular imagination, who is gifted with black hair and eyes.

'This account was given me,' says Jean Kostka, 'by a Parisian occultist, who is now a devout Christian.'

'The carriage which was taking us stopped in an obscure cross street. The time was about ten minutes past midnight—a starry night, hot and oppressive. No police were about; no one visible; houses and windows all closed; and the deep silence was only relieved by the distant murmur of the great city. It was with great regret that I had allowed myself to be taken to this meeting, and then only with the mental reservation that I would simply be a spectator of what might occur. Great things were hoped from the impression which this visit was likely to produce upon me. My companion lay back in a corner of the carriage as if plunged in deep meditation. To me it seemed that a circle of iron pressed my head; my heart was full of anguish, and my painful feelings increased as we left behind us the lighted streets where human beings could be seen. At last we arrived at our destination. Madame X. took my hand, and as we passed through a forbidding-looking door, said but these words: "I hope that he will come."

'The room we entered, which was on the third storey, was singularly arranged. It was all draped in red, with no other furniture but some chairs, where silent persons, male and female, were waiting in profound meditation; an empty armchair on a platform; a triangular altar in the middle; on the altar a crystal chalice and a small loaf of rye bread; it had the look of the oratory of some secret rite. From the ceiling above the empty armchair hung a canopy of black velvet sprinkled with silver tears, and looped back with silver cords. There was no other light but that of a single taper on a little table of black wood, so that the room was full of deep shadows, and the corners were very dark. A young woman came up and led us to our seats, after bowing slightly to us and exchanging a few words in a low voice with my companion.

'In the silence rose a voice, a voice both exquisite in tone and profoundly sad. It sang the Litanies of Satan, which I recognised from having once read them in Charles Bandelaire's 'Fleurs du Mal.' Never had I heard such music, made up of suffering, of remorse, of despair, and of piercing tenderness.

'My companion whispered in my ear that this strange music had been revealed by a spirit. As the voice sang the refrain—"O Satan, take pity on my long sufferings!"—every head was bowed, and a continuous wail came from all breasts, as though all were joining in the infernal prayer.

'When the song finished, in what sounded like a sob, a man and a woman, in evening dress, appeared before the altar. The man carried a flask of cut glass full of a red liquid, the woman a sacramental plate [patine] in white metal—doubtless, silver. They knelt down silently and the audience imitated them. I stood up, drawing back so that I leaned against the red drapery of the room, where it would have been difficult to see me without standing close to me. Was I, then, about to witness a celebration of the Black Mass? Not so. The ceremony was to be far simpler, though not less profane. The man filled the crystal goblet, and the woman broke the bread in pieces; then they retired, after bowing three times before the still empty chair beneath the dais.

'After a few minutes' waiting, the cold wind which always accompanies diabolical manifestations swept over my face. There was a gentle rustling in the hangings. Myriads of sparks appeared from the dark parts of the room. A sort of opaline vapour filled the apartment. I looked towards the armchair. A young man, fair, with blue eyes, clad in a purple robe, was

seated in it. I dare not affirm that this extraordinary young man was Lucifer. But in any case I cannot believe it was a human being, for when at different times he raised his hand it appeared transparent, and I could see through it the hangings on the wall beyond it. Standing up as I was, with my face turned towards the altar, I should have seen anyone who entered, just I had seen the man and woman enter, raising the *portière*, who had prepared the liquid and the bread on the table. The same voice which had chanted the litanies now sang the sacrilegious parody of the 'Adoro Te.' Of this, all I remember are three verses which remain ineffaceably graven in my memory.*

'When the hymn was finished the apparition came down the three steps of the platform and advanced towards the altar. The solitary taper went out. The apparition itself lighted up the whole room, and sought me out in my hitherto dark corner. I quickly drew a chair to me and let myself sink into it, for I felt horribly ill at ease standing amidst a whole group of kneeling worshippers. I was also a less conspicuous figure when seated.

'On either side of the mysterious personage stood the man and the woman of whom I have previously spoken. The man took the chalice, the woman arranged the pieces of broken bread on the 'patine.' Then they lifted these 'elements' to the level of their faces. The apparition stretched forth its hands, and laid them on the bread and wine. Each of the congregation then approached the altar, knelt, and drank from the cup, after having received and eaten the bread blessed (?) by the Vision. No one troubled his head about me, and this was most fortunate, since I should not have known what to do had I been invited to follow the example of the others.

'When this strange communion had been partaken of, the young man in the purple robe [dalmatique] directed his steps towards the armchair and again took up his place there. As soon as he was seated, the congregation stood up, and he began to speak. The voice seemed as though it came from a great distance, so distant and impersonal did it sound. Whilst he spoke, I felt full of astonishment and of a kind of terror. I did not understand what he said. He spoke in some Oriental tongue, which I was afterwards told was Syriac,† and that one must be a Luciferian before one could understand the meaning of the words.

But the things he said must have been both sad and touching, for the audience sobbed, and the mysterious orator was profoundly moved and sad. His brow seemed clouded by painful thoughts, and his large blue eyes were misty, though a lurid light shone from them. Having finished speaking, he gave a sign. A harmony burst forth and filled the room. One would have thought a flight of angels was passing by and singing. After this exquisite singing ceased, which was very soon, the assembly replied with a long and loud Hosannah! At that moment the woman who had brought me asked if I wished to join them. [Si je voulais être admis à l'obédience.] At that very moment the eyes of the apparition were turned full upon me. A fiery dart could not have struck me more sharply or more suddenly. I had the courage to shake my head. I noticed a kind of electric shock, and I slipped from my chair on to the floor. As I was falling I instinctively murmured an 'Ave Maria,' and fainted. When I came to myself I saw nothing in the room; every person had disappeared except my companion, who was waiting for me. The armchair was empty; the assembly was gone. But the solitary taper was burning on the black table. The red draperies, the dais, showed me that the whole thing had not been an hallucination. My companion said some friendly words to me; begged me to say nothing of what we had seen, and we started on our way back. I left her at the door of her house at Passy, and I reached my own house, the prey to such emotion as you can readily understand.'

People will doubtless say this is evidence at second hand, and they will have none of it; but will they accept any more the first-hand evidence of Diana Vaughan?

ALICE BODINGTON.

The way to avoid evil is not by maiming our passions, but by compelling them to yield their vigour to our moral nature. They should be to spiritual sentiments what the hot-bed is to early flowers.

A NEW THEOSOPHICAL MONTHLY.*

'The Theosophic Isis' is the name of a new Theosophical monthly magazine published in London, the fifth number of which is to hand. The new magazine is issued in the interests of the Judge faction or section, and Isis is represented on the cover, sitting on a Sphinx, and very much unveiled indeed.

In 'The Tree and Its Leaves,' Mr. H. A. W. Coryn, the editor, says of Mr. Judge's death: 'We are enabled, for certain reasons, to accept that death as the shining and triumphant signal of success, and in no way as the appearance of a gap in the front of its ranks.' Hardly less encouraging is the assertion of 'Jasper Niemand' in the next article, 'Thoughts on Centres,' that, 'If we suppose the case of a centre established by Adepts, with the assistance and consent of certain men, for the object of helping the race, we may at once see that, if the men who composed it once begin to generate discord there, the Adepts have in time no choice but to withdraw their aid.'

In 'Mind and Brain,' 'T.' expatiates on the function of the pineal gland, a hard little body about the size of a pea which is found at the back of the brain, and to which physiologists have not assigned any function. Madame Blavatsky revived the ancient notion that it is the 'seat of the soul,' or rather of spirituality. The 'eye of Siva,' or 'third eye,' which was situated in the forehead, according to Theosophy, was connected with the pineal gland, which served it as a kind of brain. When man became wicked and lost his clairvoyant power and his spirituality, the third eye atrophied, and the pineal gland 'was drawn into the brain'—took a back seat, as it were. It would seem that in the development of the pineal gland Theosophists have a gauge for estimating each other's spiritual progress, for Madame Blavatsky is quoted by the writer of the article as saying:—

It would seem a natural corollary to this that if the development of the pineal gland may be considered to be an index to the astral capacities and spiritual proclivities of any man, there will be a corresponding development of that part of the cranium, or an increase in the size of the pineal gland at the expense of the posterior part of the cerebral hemispheres.

'Finding the Self,' by Herbert Coryn, is one of those religio-metaphysical dissertations with which students of Theosophy are tolerably familiar. We are told that, 'When a universe is to come into being, Chaos, primordial substance, passive ideativity, personalised as the "Mother," is energised by Light, actively conscious formativity, personalised as the "Father."' It is from such premises as this that the true Theosophist, by the use of 'personalised' abstractions, such as the Logos, Fohat, Krishna, &c., arrives at a knowledge of 'Self,' and learns how to 'find' it.

In 'The Law of Cycles,' by S. G. P. C., it is shown that if the number of years in the various Hindu 'Yugas' be divided by the number of years in a 'precessional year' (25,920), the result is a whole number—being twenty for the Kali Yuga, forty for the Dwapara Yuga, sixty for the Treta Yuga, and eighty for the Krita or Satya Yuga. If our astronomers are right in assigning 25,920 years to a complete equinoctial precession, the fact that the Hindu Yugas are exact multiples of that number seems to prove that the ancient Hindus knew their astronomy!

In an article on 'The Theosophical Society,' Israel Mendola speaks of 'split and dissension' with a light heart. 'Who of you,' he asks, 'but has felt a deeper, if grimmer peace and fixity and strength?' We always thought there was something unusual about Theosophical peacefulness; it must be its 'grimness.'

The last article is by 'P. G. T.' and deals with 'Correspondences.' The writer says that Patanjali's maxim applies here: *By concentrating his mind upon minute, concealed, or distant objects in every department of Nature, the ascetic acquires thorough knowledge concerning them.*

This, indeed, would be a 'royal road to learning.' But, alas

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

COMMUNICATIONS from J. L., R. C., Vir, Seriba, and others are necessarily held over for want of space.

'AN UNBELIEVER'S DIFFICULTIES.'—We have received a considerable number of replies to the letter of 'Icarus,' which appeared in last week's 'LIGHT.' We shall make a selection from them for publication in our next issue.

* The three verses in Latin are here given. 'Lucifer Demasque,' p. 168.

† Calaneca and Diana Vaughan's Lucifer spoke excellent English.

* 'The Theosophic Isis.' A monthly magazine; devoted to Universal Brotherhood, Theosophy, and the Occult Sciences. Edited by H. A. W. CORYN. London. Price 6d.

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A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

PRICE TWOPENCE WEEKLY.

MR. GLADSTONE AND A FUTURE LIFE.

The fifth part of Mr. Gladstone's Future Life Articles, in the 'North American Review,' deals with 'Man's Condition in the Future Life' and the 'Limitation and Reserve of Scripture and the Creeds.' Slightly swerving from his apparently strong leaning in favour of 'Conditional Immortality,' he now as strongly urges an attitude that can only be called *non-committal* all round. It is certainly curious to see this vivid mind, this impetuous will, this ardent spirit, pleading and again pleading for caution, for reticence, for a reverential agnosticism. Indeed, he tells us plainly that 'a principal part' of the 'limited service' he hopes to render is 'to remove from the field of controversy a variety of assumptions which have no title to a place there, and which have tended both to widen the issue raised and to perplex and embitter the dispute'—a decidedly arresting statement.

What, then, are these 'assumptions' which ought to be ordered out of court? We had better quote the whole, *in extenso*, and in Mr. Gladstone's own words:—

1. It is assumed that the Christian Revelation is designed to convey to us the intentions of the Almighty as to the condition, in the world to come, not of Christians only, but of all mankind.
2. It is assumed that when the Scriptures speak of things eternal, they convey to us that eternity is a prolongation without measure of what we know as time.
3. It is assumed that punishment is a thing inflicted from without, *flagellum Tisiphone quatit insultans*, and is something additional to, or distinct from, the pain or dissatisfaction which, under the law of nature, stands as the appropriate and inborn consequence of misdoing.
4. It is assumed that the traditional theory propounds, and the teaching of Scripture requires us to believe, that, of those who are to be judged as Christians, only a small minority can be saved.
5. It is assumed, under the doctrine of natural immortality, that every human being has, by Divine decree, a field of existence commensurate with that of Deity itself.

Mr. Gladstone proceeds to 'hazard some remarks' upon these 'assumptions' one by one. We like his company and will follow him.

First: it is certainly a somewhat quaint notion that possibly 'the Christian Revelation' concerns Christians only. In another part of this Chapter, the same idea occurs. Contrasting the Athanasian with 'the older and more authoritative documents,' he says that these last 'are content to deal, at least by reasonable implication, only with professing Christians.' If so, it might be much more prudent to refrain from being 'a professing Christian,' inasmuch as, even on Mr. Gladstone's own use of 'Limitation and Reserve,' 'the Christian Revelation' subjects those who are concerned in it to very severe risks. He cites the reference of St. Paul to 'those who remain under the law of natural righteousness,' and interprets it as meaning that 'when God shall judge the hidden things of mankind according to the gospel revelation (but how does

that agree with the notion of that revelation applying only to Christians?), He will also judge the portion of mankind outside the special covenant, according to the law of nature written in their hearts, and according as they have obeyed or disobeyed that law.' And then he adds: 'Let us, therefore, wholly disembarass ourselves from the idea that those who have not been supplied with the means of Christian combat will be judged according to the standard of the Christian law.' That is rather finely put: but will it bear examination? 'Supplied with the means of Christian combat' is a telling literary phrase, but what can it mean? The poor people of Matabeleland are, of course, without 'the means of Christian combat' (except, indeed, in so far as they have been able to get hold of powder and shot!); but what of the poor people of Shoreditch and St. George's-in-the-East? And, beginning with these, and going on, grade after grade, through only London society, what are we to say of the army of London clerks, and on and on until we arrive at the signal examples of 'professing Christians' who conduct our raids, extend our Empire, and sweep off, with answerable Maxims, 'the portion of mankind outside the special covenant'? It really is very perplexing.

Second: as to 'eternity.' Mr. Gladstone will not have it that this is necessarily a prolongation of time continued without any limit. He prefers to associate it 'with words which etymologically and by use signify the indefinite rather than the infinite'—a notable suggestion!

The third 'assumption' has very much hidden in its repudiation. 'Nature herself is our premonitory teacher,' says Mr. Gladstone, 'and her lessons cannot be shut out, except by the method, at once stupid and audacious, of refusing to think.' And nature points to 'punishments which, in the language of Butler, arrive by way of natural consequence';—again a thought fruitful in many ways.

Fourth: while recognising that the ordinary teaching of Christians has included the idea that only the minority will be saved, Mr. Gladstone thinks it desirable to suggest doubts. It is true that Jesus is responsible for the statement that the gate of salvation is strait and the way narrow, and that they are few who find it; while the gate and way of destruction are broad and easy, and found by many. But this saying and similar sayings have about them local applications and local colour; and it is at least worth mention that when asked 'Are there few that be saved?' Jesus only said, 'Strive *you* to enter in.' 'In any case,' says Mr. Gladstone, 'we are bound to have regard to the general effect of our Lord's teaching; and, in this case, the more so, because He so frequently deals, not with occasion and with current life, but, *ex professo*, with the final upshot of human destinies. In all His teachings, by parable or otherwise, we look in vain for any revelation of the relative numbers of the accepted and the lost.' How old-worldish all this looks! It does not seem to occur to Mr. Gladstone that there is anything to which we can appeal beyond the creeds, something he calls a 'Revelation,' and texts!

We reach the lowest depth of the Creed basket, and the driest 'remainder biscuit' there, when we come to the end of this Part, and to the dusty doctrine of the resurrection of the body, to which Mr. Gladstone somehow clings—as, in some way, 'a gift flowing from the Incarnation'—a remark which hopelessly puzzles us. Mr. Gladstone strongly hints that the future existence of the soul apart from the body was held by the ancient pagans. Happy pagans! He says that Plato taught that death dissolved the union between the body and the soul; and that Socrates hoped to live apart from the body. Happy Plato and Socrates!

Mr. Gladstone is evidently in a state of transition. But then he has always been an eagle on the wing.

ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE, F.R.S., D.C.L., LL.D.

The publication of a new edition of Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace's notable book on 'Miracles and Modern Spiritualism' has been already announced by us. We return to it now for the purpose of drawing special attention to the important additions to the book in this edition. The greater part of these consists of two chapters on Apparitions and Phantasms:—'Are there objective apparitions?' and 'What are phantasms, and why do they appear?' reprinted from 'The Arena.' Dr. Wallace apparently permits to himself the pardonable luxury of a kind of philosophical contempt for the theory or theories of the Sadducees, with their strained appeals to telepathy: and on this point the following significant remark is made:—

The chief difference of opinion now seems to be, whether all the facts can be explained as primarily due to telepathic impressions from a living agent—a view maintained by Mr. Podmore—or whether the spirits of the dead are in some cases the agents, as Mr. Myers thinks may be the case? But in order to give this telepathic theory even a show of probability, it is necessary to exclude or to explain away a number of the most interesting and suggestive facts collected by the Society, and also to leave out of consideration whole classes of phenomena which are altogether at variance with the hypothesis adopted.

This is a rather hard hit, but well-deserved. We are, indeed, immensely indebted to the Psychical Research Society 'for having presented the evidence in such a way that the facts to be interpreted are now generally accepted as facts by all who have taken any trouble to inquire into the amount and character of the testimony for them.' But what is the

use of this, if some of the principal collectors of the evidence 'exclude or explain away a number of the most interesting and suggestive facts collected by the Society'? Dr. Wallace holds by the objectivity ('a term that does not necessarily imply materiality') of apparitions. As to the action of 'the unconscious self' in the production of phantasms, he says bluntly:—

Is this so-called explanation any real explanation, or anything more than a juggle of words which creates more difficulties than it solves? The conception of such a double personality in each of us, a second-self, which in most cases remains unknown to us all our lives, which is said to live an independent mental life, to have means of acquiring knowledge our normal self does not possess, to exhibit all the characteristics of a distinct individuality with a different character from our own, is surely a conception more ponderously difficult, more truly supernatural than that of a spirit world, composed of

beings who have lived, and learned, and suffered on earth, and whose mental nature still subsists after its separation from the earthly body. We shall find, too, that this latter theory explains all the facts simply and directly, that it is in accordance with all the evidence, and that in an overwhelming majority of cases it is the explanation given by the communicating intelligences themselves. On the 'second-self' theory, we have to suppose that this recondite but worser half of ourselves, while possessing some knowledge we have not, does not know that it is part of us, or, if it knows, is a persistent liar, for in most cases it adopts a distinct name, and persists in speaking of us, its better half, in the third person.

We commend that bit of plain English to the ingenious gentlemen of the Psychical Research Society.

But the brief Preface to this edition deserves special mention. It presents our old friend in the old clear light,—simple, sincere, lucid, courageous. Over twenty eventful and sifting years have passed since the first of these Essays was written; but nothing has shaken the old ground or disturbed the old faith: and now here is the good soldier avowing once more his allegiance, and teaching his scientific brethren this greatly-needed lesson:—

It was about the year 1843 that I first became interested in psychical phenomena, owing to the violent discussion then going on as to the reality of the painless surgical operations performed on patients in the mesmeric trance by Dr. Elliotson and other English surgeons. The greatest surgical and physiological authorities of the day declared that the patients were either impostors or persons naturally insensible to pain; the operating surgeons were accused of bribing their patients; and Dr. Elliotson was described as 'polluting the temple of science.' The Medico-Chirurgical Society op-

posed the reading of a paper describing an amputation during the magnetic trance, while Dr. Elliotson himself was ejected from his professorship in the University of London. It was at this time generally believed that all the now well-known phenomena of hypnotism were the result of imposture.

It so happened that in the year 1844 I heard an able lecture on mesmerism by Mr. Spencer Hall, and the lecturer assured his audience that most healthy persons could mesmerise some of their friends and reproduce many of the phenomena he had shown on the platform. This led me to try for myself, and I soon found that I could mesmerise with varying degrees of success, and before long I succeeded in producing in my own room, either alone with my patient or in the presence of friends, most of the usual phenomena. Partial or complete catalepsy, paralysis of the motor nerves in certain directions, or of any special sense, every kind of delusion produced by suggestion, insensibility to pain, and community of sensation with myself when at a considerable distance from the patient, were all



ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE, F.R.S., D.C.L., LL.D.

(From a photograph by Sims, West Brompton.)

demonstrated, in such a number of patients and under such varied conditions, as to satisfy me of the genuineness of the phenomena. I thus learnt my first great lesson in the inquiry into these obscure fields of knowledge, never to accept the disbelief of great men, or their accusations of imposture or of imbecility, as of any weight when opposed to the repeated observation of facts by other men admittedly sane and honest. The whole history of science shows us that, whenever the educated and scientific men of any age have denied the facts of other investigators on *a priori* grounds of absurdity or impossibility, the deniers have always been wrong.

Dr. Wallace sees in the derided facts of Spiritualism a similar instance of scientific obscurantism, and he predicts for it a similar discomfiture. He finds the explanation of scientific repugnance to Spiritualism in the scepticism of science so far as spiritual existences are concerned. But the belief of the uneducated and unscientific multitude has rested on a broad basis of facts and is destined to be justified. He pleads for true science, which has no repugnances and foregone conclusions, but desires only facts; and, in words which we would like to send round the world, he shows his brethren the way—

That theory is most scientific which best explains the whole series of phenomena; and I therefore claim that the spirit-hypothesis is the most scientific, since even those who oppose it most strenuously often admit that it does explain all the facts, which cannot be said of any other hypothesis.

This very brief and very imperfect sketch of the progress of opinion on the questions dealt with in the following pages leads us, I think, to some valuable and reassuring conclusions. We are taught first that human nature is not so wholly and utterly the slave of delusion as has sometimes been alleged, since almost every alleged superstition is now shown to have had a basis of fact. Secondly, those who believe, as I do, that spiritual beings can and do, subject to general laws and for certain purposes, communicate with us, and even produce material effects in the world around us, must see in the steady advance of inquiry and of interest in these questions the assurance that, so far as their beliefs are logical deductions from the phenomena they have witnessed, those beliefs will at no distant date be accepted by all truth-seeking inquirers.

* I MERELY mean to say what Johnston said.

That in the course of some six thousand years,

All nations have believed that from the dead

A visitant at intervals appears;

And what is stranger upon this strange head,

Is, that whatever bar the reason rears

'Gainst such belief, there's something stronger still

In its behalf, let those deny who will.

—LORD BYRON.

'PAPUS' ON PALMISTRY.*

'Papus,' in other words, Dr. Gérard Encausse, a well-known French occultist, displays in the volume before us, '*Premiers Eléments de Chiromancie*,' his happy faculty of clear exposition—an unusual thing in Occultism. He divides Palmistry into three branches: Chironomy, or the art of telling the character from the configuration of the hand; Chiromancy, or the art of divining the destiny of the owner of the hand, through the mystical correspondence between its lines, 'mounds,' &c., with qualities of the planets that govern those parts of our anatomy; and Chirosophy, or the philosophy of Palmistry which synthesises the two former divisions.

'Papus' accepts the ancient idea, which he thinks is fully corroborated by the experiments of De Rochas and others, that the 'astral' body is the formative agency for the visible case of flesh in which we are in the habit of going about. This astral body acts on general principles, tending to produce one type of human being, but individual deviations from that type always occur, the result of differences in the soul or spirit, the permanent entity which inhabits successive astral and fleshly bodies, and which is endowed with the Divine attribute of free-will, and constantly opposes the conventionalities of Type, and the tyranny of Environment. 'Papus' shows that the usual nomenclature, 'the line of the head,' 'the line of the heart,' and so on, are derived from the attributes of the planets, and are not to be understood in the ordinary conversational sense. 'The line of life,' for example, does not show by its length the allotted term of life of its owner, but indicates 'the age of the character'—the progress which the spiritual entity has accomplished.

'Papus' is the only palmist we have ever heard of who has attempted to verify the deductions of his science by observations in the hospital and dead-house. He there found only about sixty per cent. of the dicta of Palmistry right. This does not cause him any doubt about the genuine character of Chiromancy, but only proves to him that there are a great number of conflicting and modifying circumstances to be always taken into account.

'Papus' thinks that just as the abdominal, pectoral, and cranial cavities correspond respectively to the great divisions of body, astral form, and soul (or, as we might say, body, soul, and spirit), so in every sub-division of the body a similar typical division may be found—the whole character of the person being bared to the eye of him who can correctly read even a little finger. It is this last section of the '*Premiers Eléments de Chiromancie*' that will, we think, interest English readers most, for, if we are not mistaken, they will find it new, and full of food for reflection.

The sixty-two illustrations that accompany the text greatly facilitate a grasp of the author's meaning.

* '*Premiers Eléments de Chiromancie*.' Renfermant en une série de leçons didactiques la Chironomie, la Chiromancie Physique et Astrologique, et la Chirosophie; ouvrage précédé de la réédition du *Traité Synthétique de Chiromancie* et illustré de 62 fig. originales. Par 'PAPUS.' Paris, 1896.

MR. ERNEST HART AND HYPNOTISM.*

(Continued from page 236.)

Mons. Delboeuf says that the doctors play a comedy in three acts in regard to Hypnotism. In the first act they declare it to be humbug; in the second they cry out that it is dangerous; and in the third, they lay claim to a monopoly of it for themselves. In Mr. Hart's book all three acts of this comedy go on at the same time, and the result is confusing and apparently contradictory.

Not only in the chapter entitled 'Hypnotism and Humbug,' but all through the book, we find Hypnotism and Mesmerism denounced as 'imposture.' We are told, for instance, that 'the whole self-styled animal magnetisers can be dismissed as conscious or unconscious impostors': 'either dupes or accomplices, there is no alternative term.' Dr. Luys, chief of the great hospital of La Charité in Paris showed Mr. Hart some of his strange experiments, and this is how he speaks of them: 'The whole of these phenomena in all of these patients and subjects were, as might have been expected, frauds, impostures, and simulation.' It can hardly be denied that Mr. Hart plays the first act of his comedy with great spirit.

The second act—that Hypnotism is dangerous—necessitates the admission of the reality of the phenomena, the acknowledgment, in fact, that they are *not* all humbug. In the regular performance of the comedy this implies a change of opinion between the acts; but, as we have said, Mr. Hart plays all three acts at once, and this is how he speaks of the thing which at the same time he calls imposture and humbug: 'I found that I could produce it (the artificial sleep) easily and frequently by means of what were then called mesmeric passes, with the hands, or by desiring the patient to look fixedly at my eyes; and, at first, following the directions of Elliotson and of his master Mesmer, I at the same time exercised my will, and willed the patients whom I mesmerised to sleep. . . . I could recount a long series of what might sound like strange stories of my various experiences. They were enough to show that the condition induced partook of the character, sometimes of ordinary sleep, sometimes of cataleptic trance, sometimes of waking somnambulism.'

Speaking of the hypnotised subject, he says:—

'He can be made to believe himself a cat, a dog, a lion, a rat, and to act accordingly, so far as a human machine can act. His intelligent consciousness of impressions conveyed by the nerves of common sensation or of special sense has been abolished; his skin may be pierced with needles and he will not feel it; mustard or salt or assafoetida may be placed on his tongue, and he will either not taste them or will mistake them for anything the operator pleases to name. . . . The operator can induce sentiments of anger, nay, even violent and destructive rage, ecstasy, affection, or grief at will by verbal suggestions. . . . To produce these effects there is no cleverness wanted on the part of the hypnotiser; there is no special power in this matter resident in him; anyone can hypnotise and everyone can be hypnotised if he is patient enough, and either scientifically intelligent or ignorantly fanatic.'

It is amusing to find that in saying that anyone and everyone can hypnotise Mr. Hart seems to feel that he has said too much, for on the very next page we read: 'The number of persons whose nervous system is in the unstable condition which makes them amenable to hypnotic influence (is) happily so few, that as a practical method of anaesthesia it is unavailable, and far inferior to the chemical action of chloroform and other narcotic vapours. The same holds good of Hypnotism as an ordinary hypnotic. It is far less certain, far more troublesome, much more rarely capable of application, and much more likely to produce mischief than opium or sulphonal, or any other of a dozen narcotics which are always at hand, are cheap, easily used, and, under ordinary circumstances, innocuous when properly administered.'

This, of course, is pure 'Mother Seigel'; but Mr. Hart plays the first scene of the second act of his comedy with excellent effect; for as a preliminary to showing Hypnotism to be dangerous, he over and over again asserts it to be real. 'I say, I think, take it as proved beyond all reasonable doubt

that the hypnotic condition is a real and admitted clinical fact'; 'It may be well for me to repeat here that I do not deny the physical facts of Hypnotism and its heteronyms.'

Having acknowledged the reality of Hypnotism and 'its heteronyms,' what does Mr. Hart say about its dangers? Here a disappointment awaits the reader. Mr. Hart does not particularise the dangers or cite cases; he merely quotes the opinion of a few other opponents of Hypnotism, to the effect that Hypnotism might be used for bad purposes, and that it is injurious to the mind of the subject, and then expresses his own opinion thus:—

'Since no evident advantage has during forty years of extensive, patient, and elaborate trial and research been obtainable by the hundreds of physicians and physiologists who have devoted themselves to the study of the question, it is therefore justifiable to conclude that the practice of Hypnotism, Mesmerism, Electro-biology, and so-called Animal Magnetism, being almost invariably useless and often dangerous, even in the hands of the most highly skilled, careful, and conscientious physicians, is a practice which ought to be forbidden to the unqualified.'

Well, our readers hardly need to be reminded that, as a matter of fact, during the last, not merely forty, but one hundred years, the whole medical profession, with here and there a rare exception, has obstinately refused to examine into Mesmerism, Hypnotism, or kindred subjects, and has, until very recent times, boycotted and persecuted in every possible way the handful of medical men who have done so. Moreover, the few members of the medical profession who have candidly examined the pretensions of the mesmerisers—Elliotson, Ashburner, Esdaile, and some others—unanimously give the most unqualified testimony to its absolute harmlessness and marvellous curative powers. Truly, the practice of Mesmerism should be forbidden to the 'unqualified'; but who are the unqualified? Not those who are unqualified to blister and bleed, but those who are unqualified to mesmerise; and among these the vast majority of medical men are certainly included at present, for they know nothing, and will learn nothing, about it. Among the 'unqualified' Mr. Hart himself apparently finds his proper place, for he is at pains to demonstrate in his book that he cannot mesmerise harmlessly. Every writer on Mesmerism describes certain accidents which are liable to occur to the subject when the operator is ignorant or inexperienced; now, Mr. Hart, in the work before us, describes two instances in which accidents of this kind occurred to himself—the only two personal experiences which he does describe; he gives them, apparently, to prove the danger of Hypnotism, 'even in the hands of the most highly skilled, careful, and conscientious physician,' but we confidently assert that no experienced mesmeriser could read the narrative of these accidents without concluding that Mr. Hart, by his own showing, is quite unqualified to practise Mesmerism, for they are just such accidents as the neophyte is warned against.

Upon what grounds, then, does Mr. Hart venture to dogmatise about and against Hypnotism? Entirely on the strength of a theory which not only he does not prove, but which must strike all experienced mesmerisers as absurd, and which bears a curious analogy to the theory of suicide sometimes put forward by the police when they are baffled by a mysterious murder. Mr. Hart maintains that all the phenomena of Hypnotism, Mesmerism, 'Electro-biology,' &c., are due to self-suggestion only; as he puts it: 'The hypnotist counts for nothing in the matter, except as an object inanimate or animate affecting the imagination of the subject, who is always self-hypnotised.' 'It is a common delusion that the mesmerist or the hypnotiser counts for anything in the experiment.' Auto-hypnotism, no doubt, sometimes plays a part in the experiments, but how about the great bulk of the phenomena to which this explanation is patently inapplicable? Well, there is where the 'imposture' comes in. Anything that does not tally with his theory Mr. Hart puts down to the account of 'humbug.' It is now evident why Mr. Hart met with accidents—he thinks that 'the mesmeriser counts for nothing.' What would happen were a driver to whip up his horses and then throw the reins on their necks, declaring that 'the coachman counts for nothing'? And what should we say to that driver if he thereupon claimed a monopoly of driving for drivers who drove as he did?

But may not self-Hypnotism be harmless after all? Certainly not, says Mr. Hart, for 'the confirmed and trained hypnotic subject is a maimed individual in mind and body, and

* 'Hypnotism, Mesmerism, and the New Witchcraft.' By ERNEST HART, Formerly Surgeon to the West London Hospital and Ophthalmic Surgeon to St. Mary's Hospital, London. A new Edition Enlarged. With chapters on the 'Eternal Gullible,' and Note on the Hypnotism of 'Trilby.' With twenty-four illustrations. (London: Smith and Elder, 1896.) Price 3s.

is likely at any time to be dangerous to himself and to society.' According to Mr. Hart, no one but a person suffering from some nervous malady can be hypnotised, and Hypnotism reduces the subject permanently to the condition of an automaton. These assertions are at variance with the experience of all *bonâ-fide* Mesmerists, and of all Hypnotists, except those belonging to the now discredited Salpêtrière school. Mesmerists know that mesmerism quickens the intelligence; and all the best authorities on Hypnotism now say that strong healthy people are the best hypnotic subjects; and they also say that hypnotic suggestion is just as efficacious to strengthen the mind and will as it is to weaken them. It is the doctors themselves, and the doctors only, who, in their anxiety to identify Hypnotism with hysteria, and to prove it dangerous, have purposely, in many instances, reduced their subjects to the deplorable state which Mr. Hart would have his readers believe to be the natural consequence of Hypnotism in every case.

Mr. Hart's book, however, has in two respects value for the student of psychology. It is an admirable instance of the power of self-suggestion; for were not Mr. Hart self-hypnotised into the belief in his own theory it is impossible to suppose that he would have failed to see how utterly inadequate that theory is to explain most of the phenomena of Mesmerism and Hypnotism. It also shows the student of psychology how curiously content with their own ignorance those people become who pose as original investigators when, in reality, they are going over old ground. Mr. Hart makes an excellent point against Dr. Luys, who, it seems, is in the habit of saying out loud before his subjects what the result will be of the experiment he is about to try; for Mr. Hart very justly suspects that the subject, although apparently unconscious, may possibly hear what is said, and act accordingly. This constitutes the 'hypnotic education' which, according to the Nancy school, completely vitiates the conclusions of the Salpêtrière; but Mr. Hart calls it 'fraud.' Now, fifty years ago Dr. Elliotson warned experimenters against giving the subject, even when in the deepest sleep, the slightest hint of what was expected, by speaking in his presence; not because he thought the subject would thereupon 'cheat,' but because, although the ordinary channels of sensation are then closed, the mesmerised subject, in some unexplained way, takes cognisance of all that goes on around him—the very essence of Hypnotism being an irresistible impulse to act upon the suggestions thus sub-consciously received. Most hypnotisers are now aware of this danger, and none of them would ever have fallen into it if they had not, in their vanity and prejudice, refused to study the works of the old mesmerisers. Even the 'showmen,' whom the doctors affect to despise so much, could have taught them that lesson long ago; for instance, Kennedy, the hypnotic entertainer, rarely addresses his subjects; he tells his audience what it is that the apparently insensible subjects will wake up to and do as soon as he makes some particular sign, and the moment that signal is given the subjects jump up and do that thing with frantic impetuosity—but to call that 'imposture' is to confess oneself profoundly ignorant of Hypnotism.

How very little the actual facts have to say in any case to Mr. Hart's theories and assertions is shown by the way in which he speaks of Spiritualists. We Spiritualists think ourselves very much alive; but Mr. Hart gravely informs us that we are all dead and buried. Surely the man must be deeply self-hypnotised who at this hour can write: 'the spirit-rapper, the Davenport, the Bishops, the thought-readers, the animal magnetisers, have dropped into darkness, and are buried in oblivion'; or who can enumerate the different phenomena of Spiritualism, and then say, 'they have in turn retreated into the shadow of obscurity and oblivion, or passed to the platform of other conjurers who show how it is done.' This is amusing; but when we find Mr. Hart coolly assuring his innocent readers that 'when the tests are rigidly enforced by men of a scientific cast of mind, the wonder-workers always fail,' our thoughts naturally revert to Crookes, Varley, Wallace, Huggins, and a host of others—for practically every scientific man who has really investigated Spiritualism has testified to the actuality of the phenomena—and we are inclined to be indignant; but Charity steps in, and reminds us how great must be the temptation to romance for one who writes for a credulous public that knows nothing about the subject.

If we might venture, in conclusion, to give Mr. Hart a word of advice, we would say, 'Don't make quite so free a use of two-edged weapons,' for we have seldom met with a writer who

laid himself so often and so naïvely open to the *tu quoque*. For instance, when, alluding to the ephemeral nature of the different forms of 'quackery,' Mr. Hart tells his readers 'you must make haste to be cured while the faith or fashion lasts; as it fades, they cease to cure,' Mr. Hart does not seem to see that this famous witticism of Broussais, *Hâtez-vous de prendre ce médicament pendant qu'il guérit*, refers primarily and legitimately to drugs (*médicaments*), and that the changing fashions of medical practice are infinitely more dangerous than those of 'quackery.' For one person injured by the grossest 'charlatanism,' thousands upon thousands have been killed by the fashionable *médicaments* of the regular practitioners—by antimony, by mercury, by blood-letting, and so on, just as they are at the present moment by the subcutaneous injection of poisons and filth. All those things were believed to cure while they were in the fashion, and the moment they went out of fashion everybody wondered that so many people survived their use. No one, indeed, is louder in his abuse of a drug or of a practice that has gone out of fashion than the medical man himself.

On one point at least, we find ourselves in agreement with Mr. Hart. He declares that the public seems to enjoy being 'gulled,' and that 'charlatans' still abound in our midst. We think so, too; but it is probable that Mr. Hart would not quite agree with us in our idea of how that home truth should be applied.

BURYING ALIVE.

A correspondent asks the following questions. Can any of our readers furnish the information required?—

Can any of the recent writers on the dangers of cataleptic burial give reliable information on the following points? I understand that a special mortuary chamber for the temporary reception of supposed corpses is maintained in some German town. If this be so, it would be of the highest interest to learn authoritatively, First: How long has this establishment been in existence? Secondly: During this period how many corpses have been under observation? Thirdly: What percentage of resuscitations has been effected? If official figures cannot be quoted, perhaps some of your readers can say to whom a letter might be addressed on the subject. W.

'THE WORSHIP OF SATAN IN MODERN FRANCE.'

'The Worship of Satan in Modern France' purports to be a second edition of Mr. Arthur Lillie's 'Modern Mystics and Modern Magic,' but it is, in fact, the same pleasant and informing little work with a new preface and appearing under a new title. Mr. Lillie tells us that since the period of its first publication 'such strange revelations have come from France that it is felt that a work on "Modern Magic" without a fairly full notice of these would be most incomplete.' That may be quite true, but the information upon Satanism is naturally, under the circumstances, somewhat limited in scope. Portions of two articles by Mr. Lillie, which appeared in the issues of 'LIGHT' for April 27th and May 11th, 1895, are reproduced, and there are also long citations from the 'Globe' and 'Daily Chronicle.' Having regard to the extent of the literature of Satanism, the preface scarcely constitutes a 'fairly full notice.' Nor is it accurate so far as it goes. Mons. Jules Bois is not a witness for Palladian Luciferianism; his fantastic work on 'Satanism and Magic' contains only one reference in a derisive footnote. Again, the witnesses of Lucifer do not state that Eucharistic sacrifices were introduced by Adriano Lemmi into the Palladian grade of Mistress-Templar after the death of Albert Pike. Dr. Bataille represents them as an integral part of the ceremony in the year 1880. There is also no 'Bulletin du Diable' in existence; the reference is to the 'Revue Mensuelle,' which is a continuation of 'Le Diable au XIX^{me} Siècle.' Finally, Mr. Lillie does unconsciously great wrong to Saint Martin when he identifies the crude and unintelligent doctrine of Palladianism with the theology of that great mystic.

* 'The Worship of Satan in Modern France: Being a Second Edition of Modern Mystics and Modern Magic.' By ARTHUR LILLIE. (London: Swan Sonnenschein and Co.)

The Subscription to 'Light' is 10s. 10d. per annum, post free. Remittances should be made payable to Mr. B. D. Godfrey, 2, Duke-street, Adelphi, London, W.C.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

[The Editor is not responsible for opinions expressed by correspondents and sometimes publishes what he does not agree with for the purpose of presenting views that may elicit discussion.]

Palladism.

SIR,—Mr. Arthur Lillie's article in 'LIGHT' of May 23rd is an interesting contribution to the discussion of this subject; but he seems to be mistaken in identifying Palladism with the views of Eliphas Lévi. The latter, in the context of the passages quoted by Mr. Lillie, repudiated Manichæism, whereas that doctrine—that of the double divinity—was explicitly asserted by the modern restorer of the Palladium, Albert Pike, and is held by the 'orthodox' Palladists. Professor Margiotta, in his book 'Adriano Lemmi,' published a secret 'Instruction' of Albert Pike of July 14th, 1889, in which, after censuring 'Satanism,' he says (probably in English, but I have to translate from the French):—

'Lucifer is God, and, unhappily, Adonai [the God of Christians] is so also. For the eternal law is that there is no light without shadow, no beauty without ugliness, no white without black; for the absolute is dual; for the light requires darkness for its reflection, as the statue requires the pedestal, and the locomotive the drag.

'In the analogic and universal dynamic, that which supports is that which resists. Thus the universe is balanced by two contrary forces which maintain it in equilibrium: the force which attracts and that which repels. These two forces exist in physics, in philosophy, and in religion. And the scientific reality of the divine dualism is demonstrated by the phenomena of polarity, and by the universal law of sympathies and antipathies. It is, therefore, that the intelligent disciples of Zoroaster, as afterwards the Gnostics, the Manichæans, the Templars, have admitted, as the only logical metaphysical conception, the system of two divine principles combating to all eternity, and one cannot be believed inferior to the other in power.

'The doctrine of Satanism, then, is a heresy; and the true and pure philosophical religion is the belief in Lucifer, equal of Adonai, but Lucifer is the God of Light and God of Good, struggling for humanity against Adonai, God of Darkness and God of Evil.' (P. 272.)

It is a pity that the illustrious Mason had not studied the philosophy which begins instead of ending its exposition with the 'pairs of opposites.'

C. C. M.

The Luciferian Problem.

SIR,—I am the writer to whom 'Q. V.' refers in his paper on 'Le Diable au XIXme Siècle' in your issue of the 16th inst., in which he wishes to expose 'the shallowness of the methods to which some people, using the veil of occultism as a convenience, will descend in order to cast discredit on Spiritualism.' I do not consider that 'Q. V.' in the least makes out his case; neither can I, though I have not overlooked his writings on metaphysical questions, see that he at any time has altogether offered any adequate solution of the problems with which he grapples.

Might I suggest that if he would kindly take the trouble to look at the letter in 'LIGHT' of last November to which he objects, he will find no inference at all of the 'sacerdotal guidance' he has in mind, but which he says 'of course' I mean?

I neither meant it nor said it; still, I did mean then, and mean now, exactly what I did say about the dangers of unskilled or solitary investigation entering into what may be the *infra-natural* world, quite as likely as the *super-natural* one.

What I have alone striven for is to try to point out that the so-called 'astral world' is not a virgin field for discovery, and therefore it is infinitely better that the traveller should consult the advice of those who know those countries well. This advice is to be found only through a course of study on the subject; and this subject has been treated throughout history by master minds, i.e., the first philosophers and fathers of our Western thought, likewise in the Eastern Scriptures.

I do pretend to some acquaintance with philosophic thought, but I am not arrogant enough to assume anything but a very modest grade as to knowledge of these sublime topics, but it is yet to be proved that I have written 'sheer nonsense.' Much depends on clearly understanding the true underlying meaning of words. Nevertheless I do not retract the terms 'death and

destruction'; I had no inclination to use such strong words without due thought as to their applicability.

The quality of the Christianity I endeavoured to exhibit has nothing in common with that demonstrated (so to speak) by Dr. Bataille, Miss Diana Vaughan, and Co. I have read their works, but as I have already in a letter to 'LIGHT' sufficiently expressed my abhorrence of them, and as I have not since added to my information regarding them, I need say nothing further on this subject now.

'Medieval ecclesiastical bogies,' whatever they may *exactly* be, find no place in my mind or in my writing, in the sense that they are 'bogies.'

Neither can I consider that 'Q. V.'s' solution of the Luciferian problem is in the least adequate. It is phantastic and unsubstantial. It is quite true that cosmically speaking all is Light, and there is no Darkness *de facto*; nevertheless we, as human beings, have practically to encounter *night* as well as day. Likewise—here I speak from the Catholic authority of the Sages of the East and of the Sages of the West, and how can I, as a mere individual, dispute such rational counsel?—we are informed that evil is manifested in the form of evil spirits, or demons, as well as good is manifested in the form of good spirits or angels.

It appears to me, following the teaching of wise men, that man can meet with either according as he is *equipped* for the encounter.

'Q. V.' justly points out in his concluding paragraph the danger of exalting the selfhood; but, unfortunately, to my mind, he seems to think that the *only* 'Diable au XIXme Siècle' lies in this fact, and in some respects he is not far wrong, for in the exaltation of the selfhood lies not only the doctrine but the existence of Diabolism. With the concluding words of the same paragraph I disagree, it being assertion chiefly and resting on an incomplete knowledge of the subject upon which he touches.

ISABEL DE STEIGER.

Obsession—Or What?

SIR,—Some three months ago Mr. Taylor, of Welney, a gentleman quite unknown, called upon our medium, asking her if she could do anything for his wife, who had been ill two years, and confined to her bed for more than nine months. The entreaty was so pathetic that a refusal was impossible. According to promise, the medium and a lady friend went to Welney, some fourteen miles from Wisbech, and saw Mrs. Taylor, who was lying in bed, helpless and almost speechless. The sight which presented itself to the clairvoyant was a remarkable one. The medium and her friend exercised strong will power, which gave Mrs. Taylor much relief. They stayed some four or five hours, interviewing her friends and engaging in cheerful conversation, and gave instructions as to the stoving of the room, the bed and the chamber linen. Up to this time Mrs. Taylor was under the treatment of a doctor, who had not been able to make out what was the nature of her complaint. She was told to discontinue taking his medicine, and leave off drinking all kinds of stimulants, and she was directed how to use her will power. The medium and her friend returned to Wisbech. On the following day Mrs. Taylor passed through a strange experience. She refused all food, and for five hours her friends, including her husband, though exercising the strength of strong men and women, could scarcely control her. At length she became calm, and from that time began to improve, both mentally and physically. A month ago, as Mrs. Taylor was feeling much stronger, it was arranged that she should come to Wisbech, Mr. and Mrs. Whitehead kindly inviting her to stay at their house. She came in a 'bus,' and was taken into the house on a mattress bed. During the month Mrs. Whitehead nursed her like a mother, taught her the beautiful truths of Spiritualism, and read its literature to her, and Mr. Whitehead (who is a powerful mesmerist) magnetised her. The medium frequently visited her, séances were arranged, and she was introduced to a new world. The friends who met with her were all cheerful, and she increased in strength every day. During the last two years a spirit of hatred had taken possession of her; she hated her friends, her father and mother, and also her husband. This feeling has all passed away. During the month her mother and husband came to see her, and were surprised at the great change that had taken place, and she could now walk about with the aid of a stick. Before going back to Welney she took a journey by train to spend a week with an aunt. On Saturday, May 16th, she re-

turned to Wisbech on her way to Welney, and it being market day, she and Mr. Taylor were in the town doing business for about four hours before they called upon any of the friends. When she left Welney some thought she would die on the way.

Of course, the so-called cure has produced much talk in Welney. The two lady visitors have been called witches. The parson says it is the work of the devil, and, being a Justice of the Peace, would, perhaps, like to have the so-called witches burned. But Mrs. Taylor says: 'The ladies are my saviours—the Spiritualists are my friends; through their agency I have been restored to health; my mind has been enlightened, and I, too, am now a Spiritualist.'

Mrs. Taylor's expenses in the past have been very great, but this cure, effected by the aid of Spiritualism, has not cost her one farthing. The work from beginning to end has been, on the part of the medium, Mr. and Mrs. Whitehead, and all concerned, a labour of love. Some people will tell us Spiritualism is not in any sense a religion, but we here in Wisbech think otherwise, and though we cannot move mountains, and walk unharmed in fire, and draw beautiful pictures, we can give the cup of cold water, minister to the sick, help to clothe the naked, and visit the fatherless and the widow in their affliction.

41, Victoria-road, Wisbech.

WILLIAM ADDISON.

A Mediumistic Romance.

SER.—Mr. H. L. Hansen looks upon 'Hafed' as merely a mediumistic romance. The book is a puzzling one, and opinions differ (and will continue to differ) widely concerning it. It is very unequal—probably from, at times, imperfect control and the medium's mind, unconsciously to himself, playing the part of the spirit—but there are many portions of it that evince true mediumship. I would specially call attention to one of these, covering some fifteen pages. Let the experienced student of Spiritualism read from page 412—or, say let him begin with the bottom paragraph on the preceding page, reading onwards to page 427. I must now have read those wonderful pages something like, I suppose, ten times over, and yet to this day I never re-read them without the profoundest interest. To the student of Spiritualism they are in the very highest degree significant and important.

X. Y. Z.

'Spurious' Materialisations.

SER.—Are we to infer from Mr. R. Blacklock's letter in your issue of May 10th that there may be 'spurious' investigations as well as professed Spiritualists? He had, it seems, been present at sittings with Mrs. Davidson before. She had sat twice for him previously—does he mean these two sittings which she had given him and his friends at his house?—at which no forms materialised. He might have explicitly stated that Mrs. Davidson had given him two previous sittings. If these were not the 'unsatisfactory' occasions to which he refers, he might give us some more definite statement. Did he search the medium or get someone else to do so? My own impression is that he meant to grab the form on this third sitting. Why was there any difficulty about turning on the gas? Why request Mrs. Davidson to give this third sitting to him and his friends when the previous two had been unsatisfactory?

Did he know for a fact that Mrs. Warren was at another place the same evening and that she would 'fetch a sheet from an upper room' and by its aid personate a spirit materialised? I know she did not. There were at Mrs. Warren's sittings four very old Spiritualists, of whom I was one, and they would not confirm Mr. Blacklock. If he did not know, why did he intimate? Old investigators are of opinion that the persons forming the circle have as much to do with results as the medium. Mr. Blacklock and friends made the conditions under which the guides of the medium were expected to work. It is quite conceivable that the guides saw the attitude of Mr. Blacklock towards their medium. Mr. Blacklock parades his 'time and expense,' but he also, by omission, parades his want of humility before the spirit world and regard for honourable and fair dealing towards mediums. I have challenged him to give you a more explicit account as to these points. 'Fair play' demands this.

JOHN LOWN.

TO INQUIRERS AND SPIRITUALISTS.—The members of the Spiritualists' International Corresponding Society will be pleased to assist inquirers and correspond with Spiritualists at home or abroad. For explanatory literature and list of members, address J. Allen, hon. sec., 115, White Post Lane, Manor Park, Essex. The meetings held at the above address will be closed on and from June 1st, and will re-open (p.v.) on October 4th, 1906.

SOCIETY WORK.

STRATFORD SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, WEST HAM-LANE, E.—Mrs. H. T. Brigham, on Sunday last, gave an inspirational address to a crowded audience. A report of the address will appear in next week's 'LIGHT.'

DAWN OF DAY SPIRITUAL SOCIETY, 85, FORTNUM-ROAD, KENTISH TOWN, N.W.—On Sunday last a service was held at the above address, when the guides of Mrs. Spring gave a very beautiful invocation. The president (Mrs. A. Bingham) then read a chapter from Scripture, gave a short address, and also a recitation called 'Words and Deeds,' which was much appreciated. A lady kindly presided at the organ, and the meeting was very harmonious. Sunday next, at 7.30 p.m., when Mrs. Bingham will again preside, and a lady will give a recitation.—M. R.

EDMONTON SPIRITUALISTS' SOCIETY, BEECH HALL, HYDE-LANE, LONDON, N.—On Sunday last Mr. W. Walker's guides dealt ably with the question 'Does Capital Punishment Reduce Crime?' and also gave several clairvoyant descriptions, each one of which was recognised. Miss Thomas recited a poem, entitled 'Love and Obedience,' which was well received. Three energetic workers, Mr. and Mrs. Brenchley, then spoke a few words of encouragement, with a plea for sympathy. The whole was heartily appreciated by a good audience. Next Sunday, at 7 p.m., experience meeting.—A. WALKER, Sec.

SURREY MASONIC HALL, CAMBERWELL.—On Sunday last our platform was filled by supporters of the Total Abstinence Society attached to our mission. Messrs. Whyte, Adams, Reid, and Boddington all spoke ably and earnestly upon the subject, urging the necessity of united efforts to persuade all Spiritualists that it is their duty to set an example in this work of reform as in all others, knowing as they do that by living wisely they live well and happily, and that the quality of their influence either assists or impedes the progress of every one they come into contact with, whether on this plane of life or on the spirit side. Next Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. Brenchley, Thursday, at 8.30 p.m., inquirers' and students' class.—A. E. B.

CAVENISH ROOMS, 51, MORTIMER-STREET, W.—On Sunday last Mr. T. Everitt dealt with his subject, 'The Continuity of Consciousness during Sleep,' in a deeply interesting manner, deducing many facts from his unique experience in Spiritualism in support of the position he took with regard to the many perplexing problems connected with what is called sleep. We regret that a full account cannot be given of what was, to all present, an instructive address. The audience greatly appreciated a solo from Mr. J. Edwards, entitled 'The Crown Kingdom,' and the same may be said regarding the sweet and musical rendering of 'Sabbath Repose' by the choir. Next Sunday, at 7 p.m., Miss MacCreadie, clairvoyance.—L.H.

NORTH LONDON SPIRITUALISTS' SOCIETY.—On Sunday last, Messrs. Jones and Rodger were the speakers in Finsbury Park. In the evening, at the Wellington Hall, Islington, Mr. Paul Preys gave his lecture on 'The Potency of Thought,' which was much appreciated. A lady sang a solo, 'The Holy Spirit,' Mrs. Jones, under the influence of a 'Sister of Mercy,' followed on the lines of the lecturer. A few remarks by the chairman (Mr. Jones) and another friend brought a very interesting meeting to a close. The annual Sunday in Epping Forest is fixed for June 21st, particulars of which will appear later. On Wednesday, June 3rd, at 8 p.m., Mr. Paul Preys will give character delineations.—T.B.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

- 'Nephelê.' By Francis William Bourdillon. London: George Redway, Hart-street, Bloomsbury, W.C. 2s. 6d. net.
- 'The Palmist and Chirological Review,' for May. Price 7d.
- 'The Senate,' for May. Price 6d. London: The Barchur Press, 3, Victoria-street, S.W.
- 'The Ideal of Universities.' By ADOLPH BRODSBECK. New York, U.S.A.: The Metaphysical Publishing Company, 503, Fifth-avenue. Price 10d. 50c.
- 'Democratic Readings from the World's Great Teachers.' Compiled and edited by W. M. THOMPSON, L.C.C. Illustrated. London: John Dicks, 313, Strand, W.C. Price 1s.
- 'Earnest Words; Messages from the Spiritual Congress through the Mediumship of James Madison Allen.' Published by J. M. Allen, 233, Commercial-street, Springfield, Mo., U.S.A. Price 30c.

THE COUNTESS OF RADNOR will conduct an orchestra and chorus exclusively of ladies of the upper classes at a concert to be given at St. James's Hall on July 1st, in aid of the Earlswood Asylum. Dr. Hubert Parry, a year or two ago, composed a suite for strings for Lady Radnor's orchestra, and for the coming concert he has added a sixth movement—a gigue. The band, of strings, led by Lady Skelmersdale, as first violinist, will consist of nineteen first, eighteen second violins, twelve violas, fourteen cellos, and seven double basses, besides the drums, the last played by Miss Helen Coutts-Ford. The choir will consist of one hundred ladies, about half of the number being ladies of title.